How went he vnder him?

Groome. So proudlie, as if he disdaind the ground,

Rich. So proud that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe:
That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him:
Would he not stumble? would he not fall downe?
Since pride must haue a fall, and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?
Forgiuenesse Horse, why do I rayle on thee?
Since thou created to be awde by man,
Wast borne to beare, I was not made a Horse,
And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,
Spurde, galde, and tyrde by iauncing *Bullingbrooke*.

Keeper. Fellow giue place, heere is no longer stay.

Rich. If thou loue me, tis time thou wert away.

Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

Exit Groome. Enter one to Richard with meat.

Keeper. My Lord, wilt please you to fall to?

Rich. Tast of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

Keeper. My Lord I dare not, sir Pierce of *Exton*,
Who lately came from the King, commands the contrary

Rich. The Deuill take Henry of Lancaster and thee:
Patience is stale, and I am wearie of it.

Keeper. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

The murderers rush in.

Rich. How now, what meanes Death in this rude assault?
Villaine thine owne hand yeilds thy deaths instrument,
Goe thou and fill another roome in Hell.

Heere Exton strikes him downe.

Rich. That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person: *Exton*, thy fierce hand
Hath with the Kings blood staind the kings owne land:
Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is vp on hie,
Whilst my grosse flesh sinkes downeward heere to die.

Exton. As full of valour, as of Royall blood:
Both haue I spild; Oh would the deed were good!
For now the Deuill that told me I did well,

Sayes

Sayes that this deed is chronicled in Hell:
This dead King to the liuing King ile beare,
Take hence the rest, & giue them buriall heere. *Exit.*

Enter Bullingbrooke with the Duke of Yorke.

King. Kind Vnckle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
Is, that the Rebels haue consumed with fire
Our towne Ciceter in Glocestershire:
But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not:
Welcome my Lord, what is the newes?

Enter Northumberland.

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happinesse;
The next newes is, I haue to London sent
The heads of Oxford, Salisburie, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appeare
At large discourst in this paper heere.

King. We thanke thee gentle Percie for thy paines,
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter Lord Fitzwaters.

Fitz. My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London,
The heads of Broccas, and sir Benet Seely;
Two of the dangerous consorted Traytors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire ouerthrow.

King. Thy paines Fitz: shall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit well I wot.

Enter Henrie Percie.

Per. The graund conspirator Abbot of Westminster,
With clogge of conscience and sowre melancholie,
Hath yeelded vp his body to the Graue;
But here is *Carleil* liuing, to abide
Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

King. Carleil, this is your doome,
Choose out some secret place, some reuerend roome
More then thou hast; and with it ioy thy life,
So as thou liu'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemie thou hast euer beene,
High sparkes of Honour in thee haue I seene.